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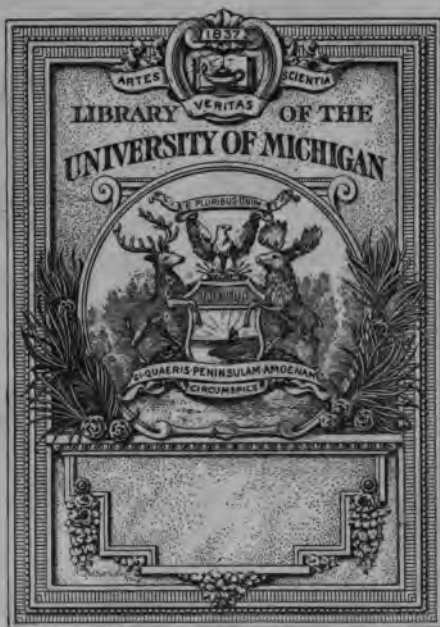
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SOME
MODERN
VERSE



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SOME MODERN VERSE

A PARTIAL LIST OF RECENT
POETRY IN THE CITY LIBRARY
OF SPRINGFIELD

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.
—O'Shaughnessy.

The City Library Association,
Springfield, Massachusetts
MDCCCCVIII.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

If an impression prevails that there is in America to-day comparatively little general reading or appreciation of our contemporary English and American poets, this view is not sustained by examination of the recent poetry in the City Library, of which the following list represents less than a third. While it is true that the most frequent requests are for a few of the greatest poets, still there is a constant and by no means inconsiderable use by general readers of the better verse that has appeared during the last quarter century, which is very roughly the period covered by this catalogue. To facilitate and increase the reading of these books is the purpose of this list. Any intention of weighing and publishing a list of "best books" must be disclaimed. Simply, from the recent verse in the library has been printed a selection of titles which for one reason or another are thought most likely to interest Springfield readers.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following for permission to quote the whole or a substantial part of the poems noted: Mr. George Meredith, "Dirge in Woods"; The Macmillan Co., Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Lake Isle of Innisfree" (copyright 1906); Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Identity"; Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., Mr. Richard Burton's "Human Touch"; Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's "Frosted Pane" (copyright 1901) and Mr. Bliss Carman's verses from "Songs of the Sea Children" (copyright 1903); The John Lane Co., Mr. Arthur Symons's "Loss"; Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, R. L. Stevenson's "Requiem"; Mr. John Vance Cheney, "The Voice of the Grass."

Biographical or critical comment concerning many of the writers included here can be found in Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" and his "American Anthology," "Who's Who," "Who's Who in America," "Poets of the Younger Generation" by William Archer, "The Younger American Poets" by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, "Studies in Prose and Verse" by Arthur Symons, volume 8 of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century" edited by A. H. Miles, "Younger American Poets" edited by Douglas Sladen (including "Younger Canadian Poets" edited by G. B. Roberts), etc.; also in the files of such periodicals as "The Nation," "The Dial," "The Spectator," "The Athenæum," and "Poet Lore."

This list has been compiled, and citations from many of the above works made, by Miss Effalene Holden King of the library staff.

H. C. WELLMAN, *Librarian.*

191081

SOME MODERN VERSE

Aldrich, Anne Reeve. Songs about life, love, and death.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Poems [and eleven other volumes with varying titles].

"His predilection is for the picturesque; for romance combined with simplicity, purity and tenderness of feeling, touched by fancy and occasional lights of humor."—*Warner's Library*.

IDENTITY.

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in No-man's-land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

Alexander, Hartley Burr. The mid earth life [and other poems].

Austin, Alfred. At the gate of the convent, and other poems.

England's darling.

Narrative poems.

Savonarola; a tragedy.

Barlow, Jane. Bog-land studies.

An Irish writer having a "genius of insight and sympathy."
—*Catholic World*.

Bates, Arlo. Berries of the brier.

The poet and his self.

Sonnets in shadow.

Told in the gate.

Benson, Arthur Christopher. Peace, and other poems.

"Scholarly, sensitive, and sincere," with "a certain wistful epicureanism."—*Nation*.

The dark wood and the solemn sky,
The moon's face on the glimmering pool,
The full stream singing drowsily,
The faint breeze out of the thicket cool.
Heart speaketh to heart,
Friend is glad with friend;
The golden hours depart,
Sweet things have an end.

—From *A Song of Sweet Things That Have an End*.

Binyon, Laurence. Death of Adam, and other poems.

"The marmorean dignity of 'The Death of Adam' is relieved by airy love songs, romantic tales, and landscape rhapsodies."
—*Athenæum*.

And very far
On the remote horizon high and clear
Shone marvellous the gates of Paradise.
There was his home, his lost home, there the paths
His feet had trod in bliss and tears, the streams,
The heavenly trees that had o'ershadowed him,
Removed all into radiance, clear and strange
As to a fisher on dark Caspian waves,
Far from the land, appears the glimmering snow
Of Caucasus, already bathed in dawn,
Like a suspended opal huge in heaven.

—From *The Death of Adam*.

Bland, Edith Nesbit. Lays and legends.
Leaves of life.

Blind, Mathilde. Songs and sonnets.

Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen. A new pilgrimage, and other poems.

Satan absolved; a Victorian mystery.

"Poetry full of fire and energy."—*Academy*.

Of the world's wonders there is none so sweet
As this, the summer lightning of her feet
Speeding her onward like a fawn in haste.

—From *On the Way to Church*.

Bourdillon, Francis William. Ailes d'alouette.
Sursum corda.

Bourdillon is best known, perhaps, as the author of "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes."

Branch, Anna Hempstead. The heart of the road, and other poems.

The shoes that danced, and other poems.

"Marked by fluent, unconventional music, and strong, unconventional phrase. The mood of wonder underlies all of it."
—*Nation*.

Oh, grieve not, ladies, if at night
Ye wake to feel your beauty going.
It was a web of frail delight,
Inconstant as an April snowing.

Perhaps that one that took the most,
The swiftest borrower, wildest spender,
May count, as we would not, the cost—
And grow more true to us and tender.

—From *Grieve Not, Ladies*.

Bridges, Robert (of Oxford). Poetical works. 6 vols.

"Many of his 'Shorter Poems' have the sudden, irresistible charm of the lyrics in the Elizabethan song-books."
—*Athenæum*.

Bridges, Robert (of New York). Bramble brae.

"The pungent commentator upon books and manners who enlivens the pages of 'Life.'"—*Dial*.

FOR A NOVEL OF HALL CAINE'S.

He sits in a sea-green grotto with a bucket of lurid paint,
And draws the Thing as it isn't for the God of Things as
they ain't!

Brown, Alice. The road to Castaly.

"Nothing that Miss Brown has written is without a . . .
touch of originality and distinction."—*Archer*.

O furry living things, adream
On winter's drowsy breast,
(How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!)
Arise and follow where a gleam
Of wizard gold unbinds the stream,
And all the woodland windings seem
With sweet expectance blest.

—From *Candlemas*.

Bugbee, Harry Winter. Echoes from the forest.

How strange that those slow waters hasten not
And ever faster hasten with the years
That snatch, still as they come, some natural charm
From those fair banks, and add of hideousness
Of man's invention some new tithe! How strange
They hasten not to sink them in the sea!

—From *Connecticut River*.

Bunner, H. C. Poems.

Airs from Arcady.

Rowen.

"If the stream of his genius flowed in gentle rivulets, it
traveled as far and spread its fruitful influence as wide as
many a statelier river."—*Warner's Library*.

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

—From "One, Two, Three!"

Burroughs, John. Bird and bough.

"So far as his work is poetry rather than versified nature study it is so by virtue of a certain single-minded affectionateness of interest in nature."—*Nation*.

Burton, Richard. Dumb in June.
Lyrics of brotherhood.
Memorial day, and other poems.
Message and melody.

"There is a warm feeling for . . . all that songless melody of the common soul whose note we do not catch in the public clamor."—*Rittenhouse*.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But ah, the touch of lips and hands,—
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,—
These need I most, and now, and here.

Carman, Bliss. Ballads and lyrics.
From the green book of the bards. (Pipes of Pan.)
Low tide on Grand Pré, and Ballads of Lost Haven.
A seamark; a threnody for R. L. Stevenson.
Songs from a northern garden. (Pipes of Pan.)

"A true gift of song, an artist's joy in beautiful words, and that passion for the moods of Nature which of itself transmutes verse into poetry."—*Spectator*.

The day is lost without thee,
The night has not a star,
Thy going is an empty room
Whose door is left ajar.

Depart: it is the footfall
Of twilight on the hills.
Return: and every rood of ground
Breaks into daffodils.

—From *Songs of the Sea Children*.

Carman, Bliss, and Richard Hovey. Songs from
Vagabondia.
More songs from Vagabondia.

Cawein, Madison J. The vale of Tempe.

"A volume which . . . has both the old glamour of poesy and an individual tang, so to say, that is uncommon in contemporary verse."—*Nation*.

I stood alone in a mountain place,
And it came to pass, as I gazed on space,
That I met with Mystery, face to face.

Within her eyes my wondering soul beheld
The eons past, the eons yet to come,

At cosmic labor; and the stars,—that swelled,
Fiery or nebulous, from the darkness dumb,
In each appointed place and period,—
I saw were words, whose hieroglyphic sum
Blazoned one word, the mystic name of God.

—From *In Solitary Places*.

Cheney, John Vance. Poems.

"A poet of the fancy rather than of the imagination."

—*Nation*.

My lot with man is cast.
I round him shine and wave,
Nor fail him at the last:
I lie upon his grave.

—From *The Voice of the Grass*.

Cone, Helen Gray. Oberon and Puck.

The ride to the lady, and other poems.

"Her verse . . . is often notable . . . for a certain elevation of thought and feeling."—*Stedman*.

Couch, A. T. Quiller- Poems and ballads.

Now winds of winter glue
Their tears upon the thorn,
And earth has voices few,
And those forlorn.

—From *Upon New Year's Eve*.

Dargan, Olive Tilford. Lords and lovers, and other dramas.

"Bears the visible mark of the divine gift, and there is no poet of our time who might not be proud to claim it for his own."—*Dial*.

Dost hear that sound?

It is the rustle of tear-dropping gods
Who gather all the golden virtues up
Vouchsafed to earth and trampled low by man.
See how they rise with their immortal store,
A moving radiance like the march of light,
And leave us dark for want of what they bear.

—From *The Siege*.

Day, Holman F. Pine tree ballads.

DeKay, Charles. Love poems of Louis Barnaval.

Deland, Margaret. The old garden, and other verses.

Dickinson, Martha Gilbert. The cathedral, and other poems.

And I have wrung the life-blood from the hours,
Forgot old pain amid the russet wold,
Steepled love in azure and immensity,
And burned regret in scarlet and in gold:
Ventured the circle of the hazel witch,
And claimed of gusty winds bluff brotherhood—
And buried in my heart a rain-wet path
That led to sunset lurid through a wood.

—From *Vale!*

Dobson, Austin. At the sign of the lyre.

Ballad of Beau Brocade, and other poems of the eighteenth century.

Story of Rosina.

"An artistic master of 'society verse.'"—*Stedman*.

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou*!
Picture above if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

—From *On a Fan*.

Dole, Nathan Haskell. The hawthorn tree, and other poems.

Dowson, Ernest. Poems.

"Here is verse which haunts one like a perfume, like an air of Rameau heard on the clavichord; it has the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old."—*Symons*.

"A volume of 'decadent poetry,' so called, of exceptionally fine quality."—*Nation*.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

—From *Non Sum Qualis Eram*.

Drummond, William Henry. The habitant, and other French-Canadian poems.

Johnnie Courteau, and other poems.

The voyageur, and other poems.

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

—The moral of *The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."*

Dunbar, Paul Laurence. Li'l' gal.

Lyrics of lowly life.

Lyrics of sunshine and shadow.

Poems of cabin and field.

When Malindy sings.

This gifted representative of his race pictures with rich sympathy the tender, pathetic, and humorous sides of negro life.

Dis is gospel weathah sho'—
 Hills is sawt o' hazy.
 Meddahs level ez a flo'
 Callin' to de lazy.

—From *Song of Summer*.

Dunton, Theodore Watts. The coming of love, Rhona Boswell's story; and other poems.

"It is in structure as well as in imaginative quality one of the most original poems written during the past century."

—*Athenaeum*.

Erskine, John. Actæon, and other poems.

Fairless, Michael, *pseud.* The grey brethren, and other fragments in prose and verse.

"Fine artistic sense, and . . . sacramental reverence for natural glory . . . deep tenderness and sympathy."

—*Athenaeum*.

Fenollosa, Mary McNeil. Out of the nest; a flight of verses.

The day unfolds like a lotus-bloom,
 Pink at the tip and gold at the core,
 Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom
 That lave night's shore.

—From *Sunrise in the Hills of Satsuma*.

Field, Eugene. Writings in prose and verse. 12 vols. [and numerous other collections with varying titles].

"Above all a child of nature, a frolic incarnate."—*Stedman*.

"Swing high and swing low"—

The sea singeth so,

And it walleth anon in its ebb and its flow;

And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea

Nor reckoneth he ever of mine or of me!

"Swing high and swing low

While the breezes they blow—

'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go!"

—From *Swing High and Swing Low*.

Fields, Annie Adams. Orpheus; a masque.

Under the olive.

The singing shepherd, and other poems.

"Page after page of calm thought, always fitly clothed, and almost never disappointing."—*Nation*.

Foss, Sam Walter. Back country poems.

Dreams in homespun.

Songs of the average man.

"These songs deal often with old Yankees and old ways of life [but they] are interspersed with high spiritual communings."—*Springfield Republican*.

Garland, Hamlin. Prairie songs.

Gilder, Richard Watson. The celestial passion.

The fire divine.

"For the country."

"In the heights."

Two worlds, and other poems.

His are "high, fine thoughts that will appeal to the artistic, the intellectual, or the conscience sides of life."—*Arena*.

Gosse, Edmund W. Firdausi in exile, and other poems.

In russet and silver.

On viol and flute.

Greene, Aella. Poetical works.

Guiney, Louise Imogen. A roadside harp.

The white sail, and other poems.

"A rare unfamiliar note, without reminiscent echoes . . . a certain classic quaintness."—*Rittenhouse*.

Hall, Gertrude. Age of fairygold.

Hall, Gertrude, *translator*. Poems of Paul Verlaine.

"A poet of the intimate mood, the personal touch."

—*Rittenhouse*.

You bold thing! thrusting 'neath the very nose
Of her fastidious majesty, the rose,
Even in the best ordained garden bed,
Unauthorized, your smiling little head!

The sun loves you, you think, just as the rose,
He never scorned you for a weed,—he knows!
The green-gold flies rest on you and are glad,
It's only cross old gardeners find you bad.

You know, you weed, I quite agree with you,
I am a weed myself, and I laugh too,—
Both, just as long as we can shun his eye,
Let's sniff at the old gardener trudging by!

—From *To a Weed*.

Hardy, Thomas. The dynasts; a drama of the Napoleonic wars.

Poems of the past and present.

Wessex poems, and other verses.

Harte, Bret. Poetical works.

"His best verse, artistically considered, is perhaps to be sought in his wonderfully dramatic monologues in dialect."
—*Warner's Library*.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,—

It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault.

—From *The Society upon the Stanislaus*.

Hawkes, Clarence. Pebbles and shells.

Hay, John. Poems.

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell,—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

—From *Jim Bludso*.

Hayes, Ednah Proctor Clarke. An opal.

Henley, William Ernest. Poems.

"Quite the most robust and vivid figure in contemporary letters."—*Independent*.

I am the Reaper.
 All things with heedful hook
 Silent I gather.

—From *I Am the Reaper*.

Herford, Oliver. A child's primer of natural history.
 The fairy godmother-in-law.
 The rubáiyát of a Persian kitten.

I sometimes think the Pussy-Willows grey
 Are Angel Kittens who have lost their way,
 And every Bulrush on the river bank
 A Cat-Tail from some lovely Cat astray.

—From *The Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten*.

Hinkson, Katharine Tynan. Ballads and lyrics.
 Cuckoo songs.

Louise de la Vallière, and other poems.

"In all . . . moods . . . a poet, an artist, and a clear, courageous, buoyant spirit."—*Archer*.

Hitchcock, Martha Wolcott. Verses.

Housman, Alfred Edward. A Shropshire lad.

Housman, Laurence. Spikenard; a book of devotional love-poems.

Mendicant rhymes.

"Songs of the joy of the earth, of simple folk, of beggars and fairies, and country tales."—*Spectator*.

Sleep lies in every cup
 Of land or flower:
 Look how the earth drains up
 Her evening hour!

Oh, whence this overflow,
 This flood of rest?
 What vale of healing so
 Unlocks her breast?

What land, to give us right
Of refuge, yields
To the sharp scythes of light
Her poppied fields?

—From *Two Songs*.

Hovey, Richard. Along the trail.

The Holy Graal, and other fragments.

Launcelot and Guenevere. 4v.

The quest of Merlin. The marriage of Guenevere. The birth of Galahad. Taliesin.

Seaward, an elegy on the death of Thomas William Parsons.

Hovey has been called by Mr. Archer the "wearer of Whitman's mantle," and by Miss Rittenhouse "a skilful architect of rhyme, an imaginative weaver of fancy . . . a finely balanced man and artist."

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by."

—From *Spring*.

Howells, William Dean. Poems.

Stops of various quills.

"The brooding minor note is constant in these haunting poems, which are rich in suggestion, full of noble thought and feeling."—*Warner's Library*.

Johnson, Robert Underwood. Poems.

Kipling, Rudyard. Collected verse.

The library contains other collections, including nearly all his published books of verse.

"Bard of the greater Britain."

"A dominant figure and force in current English literature."
—*Warner's Library*.

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemptuous surges?

The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing bowsprit emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged, roaring sapphire thereunder—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsail's low-volleying thunder—

His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the same through each wonder:

His Sea as she rages or stills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their Hills.

—From *The Sea and the Hills*.

Knowles, Frederic Lawrence. Love triumphant.

"The imaginative genius of the true poet, the grace of the accomplished versifier and the prophet's high and noble appeal to the reason and sense of right in man."—*Arena*.

Koopman, Harry Lyman. *Morrow songs.*

So finds the life of man its rest in God,
After long toil, repose; long warfare, peace.
Where finds it? Yonder, never here on earth,
The upward-pointing answers. Finds what life?
The heart still urges, and for answer given
Receives the beckoning of the sculptured portal.
With heart upturned and chastened soul go in;
The world shuts down behind, and thou art left
Alone in presence of the ineffable.

—From *The Gothic Minster.*

Lampman, Archibald. *Poems.*

"Poetry of unusual strength and originality . . . delicate subtlety, graceful . . . imagery."—*Bookman.*

Silvery-soft by the forest side—
Wine-red, yellow, rose—
The wizard of Autumn, faint, blue-eyed—
Swinging his censer, goes.

—From *The Passing of Autumn.*

Lang, Andrew. *Ballads and verses vain.*

Ban and arrière ban; a rally of fugitive rhymes.
Grass of Parnassus; rhymes old and new.
New collected rhymes.

"The variously delightful and invariably readable."—*Nation.*

Lanier, Sidney. *Poems.*

Poems edited by his wife.

Select poems.

"His work has the glow and color of the South,—an exuberance of imagination and a rhythmic sweep."

—*Warner's Library.*

"'Now strange,' quoth Sense, and 'Strange,' quoth Mind;

'We saw it, and yet 'tis hard to find,

—But we saw it,' quoth Sense and Mind.

'Stretched on the ground, beautiful crowned

Of the piteous willow that wreathed above,'

'But I cannot find where ye have found

Hell,' quoth Love."

—From *How Love Looked for Hell.*

Le Gallienne, Richard. *English poems.*

"A quick and graceful fancy, a passion for beauty in all its manifestations, a straightforward outlook upon life, and a gift of inventing picturesque and melodious phrases."—*Archer.*

Doth it not thrill thee, Poet,
Dead and dust though thou art,
To feel how I press thy singing
Close to my heart?—

Art thou not happy, Poet?
I sometimes dream that I
For such a fragrant fame as thine
Would gladly sing and die.

—From *The Passionate Reader to His Poet.*

Lüders, Charles Henry. The dead nymph and other poems.

"He was a poet of unusual promise."—*Stedman*.

McCourtie, Will. Chryseid.

Mackaye, Percy. Canterbury pilgrims; a comedy.

Fenris, the wolf; a tragedy.

Jeanne d'Arc [a drama].

"A drama of genuine feeling and poetic insight."—*Outlook*.

Sappho and Phaon; a tragedy.

"The most notable addition that has been made for many years to American dramatic literature."—*Nation*.

Mine own law will I be! And I will make
Creatures of mind and melody, whose forms
Are wrought of loveliness without decay,
And wild desire without satiety,
And joy and aspiration without death;
And on the wings of those shall I, I, Sappho!
Still soar and sing above these cliffs of Lesbos,
Even when ten thousand blooms of men and maids
Are fallen and withered.

—From *Sappho and Phaon*.

Markham, Edwin. Lincoln, and other poems.

The man with the hoe, and other poems.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

—From *Lincoln*.

Marston, Philip Bourke. (Hake's "Blind boy.") Collected poems.

Rossetti declared that some of his verse was "worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyrical moods."

Meredith, George. Poems.

Ballads and poems of tragic life.

Jump to glory Jane.

Odes in contribution to the song of French history.

A reading of earth.

A reading of life.

"A torch bearer in a dark country."—*Living Age*.

"He is a poet who is not in the English tradition; a seeker after some strange, obscure, perhaps impossible, intellectual beauty, austere and fantastic. If he goes along ways that have never been travelled in, that is because he is seeking what no one before him has ever sought."—*Symons*.

The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we
Even so.

—From *Dirge in Woods*.

Meynell, Alice. Poems.

"There is not a poem of Mrs. Meynell's that is not marked by unobtrusive grace."—*Archer*.

Mifflin, Lloyd. The fleeing nymph.
My lady of dream.

"There is much delicate art in these songs, and they are freighted with a rich burden of thought."—*Dial*.

"O Wind in the reeds of the evening furled,
You who have traveled the width of the world,—
For the hidden things unto you are known,—
Where is my long-lost happiness flown?"

—From *He Asks of the Wind*.

Miller, Cincinnatus Heine (Joaquin Miller). *Memorie and rime*.
Songs of the Mexican seas.

"In the sweeping rush of his rhythm there is a suggestion of the roaring streams and swaying forests."

—*Warner's Library*.

Mitchell, S. Weir. The wager, and other poems.

Moody, William Vaughn. The fire-bringer.
The masque of judgment; a masque-drama.
Poems.

"The admirable work of William Vaughn Moody . . . reveals by its breadth, penetration, and purpose, the thinker and not the dreamer."—*Rittenhouse*.

"With the possible exception of what has been done by Professor Woodberry, no such note of high and serious song has been sounded in our recent American poetry."—*Dial*.

O Dreamer! O Desirer! Goer down
Unto untravelled seas in untried ships!
O crusher of the unimagined grape
On unconceived lips!
O player upon a lordly instrument
No man or god hath had in mind to invent;



O cunning how to shape
 Effulgent Heaven and scoop out bitter Hell
 From the little shine and saltness of a tear;
 Sieger and harrier,
 Beyond the moon, of thine own builded town,
 Each morning won, each eve impregnable,
 Each noon vanished sheer!

—From *Raphael's Hymn to Man* in *The Masque of Judgment*.

Morris, Lewis. Works.

A spirit of "good feeling pervades the poems . . . courtly graciousness of manner and single-hearted interest in the things that are best worth while."—*Nation*.

Morris, William. Atalanta's race, and other tales.

Poems by the way.

The story of Sigurd the Volsung.

A tale of the house of the Wolfings [prose and verse].

"Unrivaled in the strength, learning and felicity with which he has reproduced the Germanic and Norse legends."—*Stedman*.

What cometh here from west to east awending?
 And who are these, the marchers stern and slow?
 We bear the message that the rich are sending
 Aback to those who bade them wake and know.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all if they would dusk the day.

—From *A Death Song*.

Moulton, Louise Chandler. Poems.

Swallow flights.

"A pure and beauteous blossom of whatsoever things are lovely."—*Poet-Lore*.

Newbolt, Henry. The island race.

The sailing of the long ships, and other poems.

"Mr. Newbolt's lyre may not be of the widest range, but his touch on it is peculiarly his own—clean, and crisp, and ringing."—*Archer*.

Noyes, Alfred. Drake; an English epic.

The flower of old Japan, and other poems.

The Golden Hynde, and other poems.

Poems.

"There is a gusto in his work, a savor of opulence, variety, and ease that is full of hope."—*Nation*.

"Evidence not only of the possession of poetic attainments of the highest order, but also of the crowning grace of . . . the old and rare charm that makes poetry a delight."

—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

All along the purple creek lit with silver foam,
 Silent, silent voices, cry no more of home;
 Soft beyond the cherry-trees o'er the dim lagoon
 Dawns the crimson lantern of the large, low moon.

—From *Haunted in Old Japan*.

O'Reilly, John Boyle. Complete poems. [With his life.]

Statues in the block, and other poems.

Watchwords [prose and verse].

"The effects of . . . [his] work . . . were felt by youth and age, by men of every religious opinion and none; they made for righteousness, for peace with honor, for toleration, sympathy, and the highest patriotism."—*Warner's Library*.

Page, Thomas Nelson. The coast of Bohemia.

Page, Thomas Nelson, and A. C. Gordon. Befo' de war.

Peabody, Josephine Preston. Marlowe; a drama.

The singing leaves.

Her child poems "have the unconsciousness and the child-like buoyancy of Stevenson."—*Nation*.

I have so many things to do,
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain
Come sliding down the window-pane.

I built a city on the floor;
And then I went and was a War.

I am so busy every day,
I have n't any time to play.

—From *The Busy Child*.

Peck, Samuel Minturn. Cap and bells.

"The lightening, brightening influence of his melodious measures."—*Book News*.

Phillips, Stephen. Herod [a drama].

Nero [a drama].

New poems.

Paola and Francesca [a drama].

Poems.

The sin of David [a drama].

Ulysses [a drama].

"Here is real poetic achievement,—the veritable gold of song."—*Spectator*.

And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.

—From *Marpessa*.

Piatt, Sarah M. B. The witch in the glass, etc.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth. A handful of lavender.
A quiet road.

"Beautiful with the old-time atmosphere and associations, and at times rising to a noble classicism."—*Stedman*.

Riley, James Whitcomb. Poems and prose sketches.
12 vols.

Roberts, Charles G. D. Poems.

Songs of the common day *and Ave!* an ode for the
Shelley centenary.

"Has the rare pictorial gift of flashing a scene before one
without employing an excess of imagery . . . His style is
nervous, magnetic, direct."—*Rittenhouse*.

THE FROSTED PANE.

One night came Winter noiselessly, and leaned
Against my window-pane.
In the deep stillness of his heart convened
The ghosts of all his slain.

Leaves, and ephemera, and stars of earth,
And fugitives of grass,—
White spirits loosed from bonds of mortal birth,
He drew them on the glass.

Robinson, A. Mary F. Lyrics.
Retrospect, and other poems.

"Child of Pre-Raphaelite models."—*Warner's Library*.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington. Children of the night.

Roche, James Jeffrey. Ballads of blue water, and other
poems.

Santayana, George. Sonnets, and other poems.

"A master of the sonnet . . . a musing philosopher en-
vironed by himself."—*Rittenhouse*.

Some offer bullocks to the skies;
Some, incense, with their drowsy praise;
He brings the gods what most they prize
Who sorrow on the altar lays.

—From *Easter Hymn*.

Savage, Philip Henry. Poems.

"He died . . . almost at the outset of what promised to be
an enviable career."—*Siedman*.

Lighter than dandelion down,
Or feathers from the white moth's wing,
Out of the gates of bramble-town
The silkweed goes a-gypsysing.

And one holds by an airy line
The spider drew from tree to tree;
And if the web is light and fine,
'Tis not so light and fine as he!

And all in airiest fashion fare
Adventuring, as if, indeed,
'Twere not so grave a thing to bear
The burden of a seed!

—From *Silkweed*.

Scollard, Clinton. Hills of song.

"An objective poet, and by method a painter . . . Among the blithest of those who journey to Castaly."—*Rittenhouse*.

Scott, Duncan Campbell. New world lyrics and ballads.

"He rarely fails to give his reader that delicious shock of surprise of strange and vivid beauty that is the final test of Poetry."—*Nation*.

Then all light was gathered up by the hand of God and hid
in His breast,

Then there was born a silence deeper than silence,

Then she had rest.

—From *The Forsaken*.

Sharp, William (Fiona MacLeod, *pseud.*). From the hills of dream.

"All Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona MacLeod."—*Nation*.

I hear, as in a wood, dim with old light, the rain,

Slow falling; old, old, weary, human tears:

And in the deepening dark my comfort is my Pain,

Sole comfort left of all my hopes and fears,

Pain that alone survives, gaunt hound of the shadowy years.

—From *The End of Aodh-of-the-Songs*.

Sheehan, Patrick A. Cithara mea.

"Stirs the deepest emotions, and appeals to the most spiritual part of our being."—*Dial*.

Ismene! you said, Let us go; and you drew

The trembling petals of your white hand

From mine, that closed, as the Hand of God

Drew up His curtains o'er sea and land.

—From *The Dreaded Dawn*.

Sherman, Frank Dempster. Lyrics for a lute.

Shorter, Dora Sigerson. The woman who went to hell,
an Irish legend; and other ballads and lyrics.

"All the fanciful melancholy, the ardent spirituality, and the eerie-pathetic invention of the western Kelts."—*Archer*.

Sill, Edward Rowland. Poetical works.

"Brief as his career was, and incomplete as was his work, it revealed qualities which distinguish poetry of the highest order."—*Dial*.

I blow the organ at St. Timothy's.

Did you know 'twas not the master, after all,

(I used to think so, too) that speaks the great

Sweet sounds? He only beckons at the keys,

And God's winds come and sing for him; while I,

I draw the great winds in from up the air.

—From *The Bellows-Boy*.

Spofford, Harriet E. P. In Titian's garden, and other poems.

Poems.

"Combines an almost austere spirituality with the warm sensuousness of the artist."—*Warner's Library*.

Stanton, Frank L. Comes one with a song.
Songs of the soil.
Up from Georgia.

"Cheer-giving songs."—*Rittenhouse*.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence. Poetical works.

"His poetical utterance [is] that of an eager clear-sighted spirit, responsive to both natural impressions and the appeal of culture, and finely attuned to all the complex life of the modern world."—*Warner's Library*.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. Complete poems.

"The most charming and sympathetic writer of the present day."—*Symons*.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—From *Requiem*.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. Poems. 6 vols.

"Liberty, melody, passion, fate, nature, love and fame are the seven chords which the poet's hand, from its first almost boyhood touch upon the lyre, has swept now for two score years with music that has been blown through the world."
—*G. E. Woodberry*.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers,
And every thing but sleep.

—From *The Garden of Proserpine*.

Symonds, John Addington. *Animi figura*.
New and old.

Symons, Arthur. Poems. 2 vols.

The fool of the world, and other poems.

"In poetic skill and the analysis of passion Mr. Symons stands at the head of all British poets of his generation."
—*Nation*.

Unresting water, there shall never be rest
Till the last moon droop and the last tide fail,
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;
And the heart shall be weary and wonder and cry like the sea,
All life long crying without avail,
As the water all night long is crying to me.

—From *The Crying of Water*.

Loss.

What have I lost in losing you?
Only the savour of all things.
In the same sky the same bird sings,
The same clouds darken in the blue;
Only, all's changed, in losing you!

In losing you, I lose the care
That held me fettered all my days;
I see before me bright new ways
That beckon me, I know not where;
And yet I do not greatly care.

For I have lost, in losing you,
Not you alone, but my own youth,
My hope in fame, my faith in truth,
And all I was to be and do,
And life itself, in losing you!

—In *Poems*, vol. 2.

Tabb, John B. An octave to Mary.

Poems.

"Father Tabb's lyrics are marked by exquisite beauty, point, and finish."—*Stedman*.

Thayer, William Roscoe. Poems, new and old.

Thomas, Edith M. Fair shadow land.

In sunshine land.

The inverted torch.

A winter swallow, with other verse.

"Her poems [are] by turns strong and delicate, and always exquisitely finished."—*Stedman*.

Sleep soundly through the long still night.
The day will come too soon, too soon.
Beneath thy casement falls aswoon
The lonely wind that sways so light
Yon pine's bleak height.

—From *The Inverted Torch*.

Thompson, Maurice. Poems.

"At the head of our poetic celebrants of forest archery, fishing, and other outdoor sports."—*Stedman*.

Trask, Katrina. Under King Constantine.

"Legends and poems, composed in finished blank verse."
—*Stedman*.

Trench, Herbert. New poems.

"We have [in England] three men at least in the full flush of poetic ardor who would do honor to almost any age—Alfred Noyes, Herbert Trench, and Lawrence Binyon."

—*W. L. Courtney*.

Van Dyke, Henry. The builders, and other poems.
Music, and other poems.

"Endowed with a graceful gift of lyric speech . . . The expression of a refined and sensitive poetic instinct."—*Dial*.

Then just within the gate I saw a child,—
A stranger child, yet to my heart most dear;
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with me;
"I am the little child you used to be."

—From *The Child in the Garden*.

